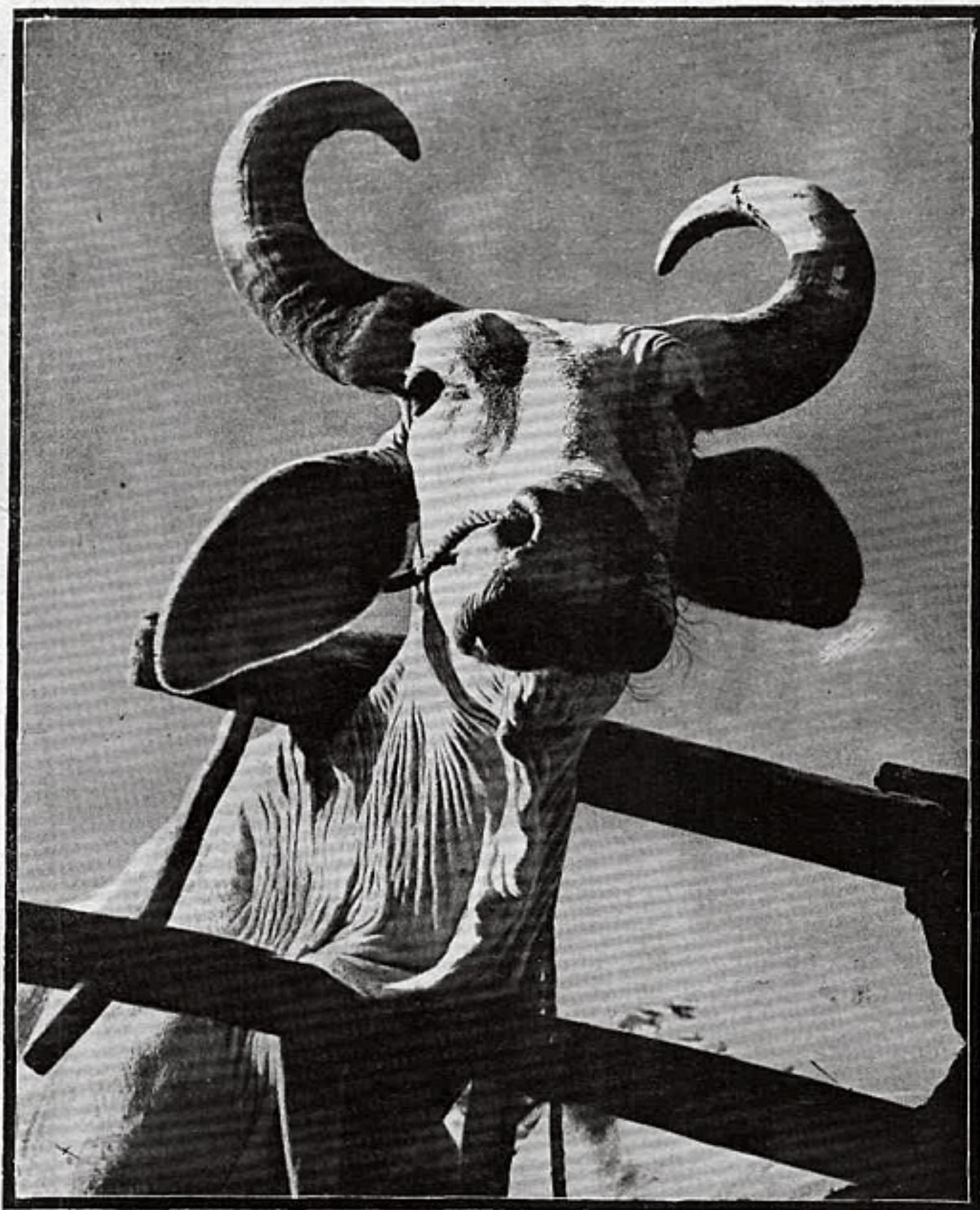


CHANDAMAMA

MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG





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Caption

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CHANDAMAMA

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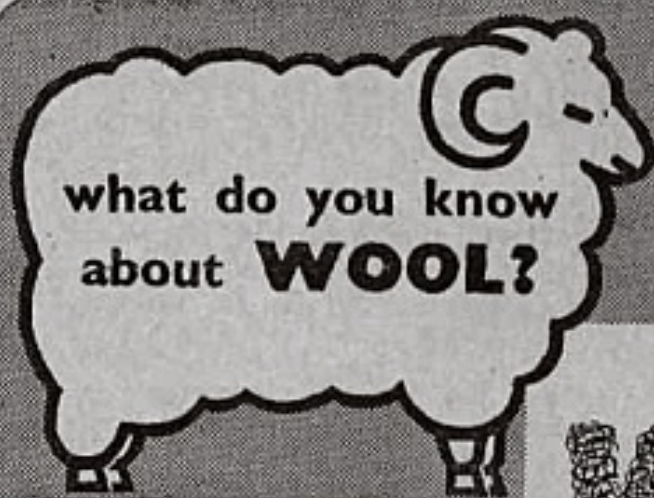
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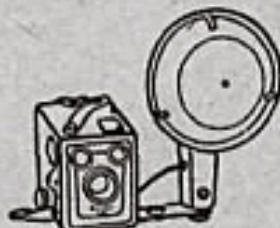


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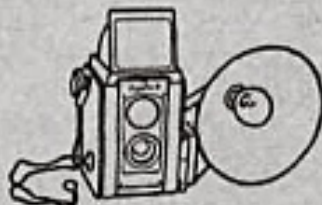
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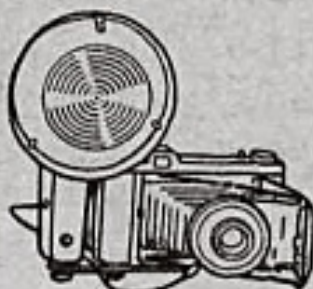
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Complaints received after that date cannot be entertained.

Circulation Manager



CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor : CHAKRAPANI

SUPERSTITIOUS and evil practices are hard to eradicate. But unless they are eradicated there is no progress.

In the Jataka Tale, "AN EVIL PRACTICE", the Prince does not like that his people should indulge in animal sacrifices. At the same time, he does not want to shed blood in order to put down this evil practice. So he makes an elaborate preparation. Long before becoming King, he begins to visit the banian tree and worship it. This helps him go near the people. They can understand anyone who worships the tree in order to fulfil his secret wish. Even when the Prince becomes King and tells them that he worshipped the tree in order to become King, they see nothing unusual in it. They are ready to make the necessary sacrifice to the tree. Only when the King reveals that he promised to sacrifice human beings who indulge in animal sacrifices, the people are taken by surprise. They cannot accuse their King of superstition. The only alternative for them is to give up animal sacrifice.

VOL. 3

OCTOBER 1956

NO. 4

THE FRONT COVER

WHILE Saindhava forcefully carried Droupadi off in his chariot, the Pandavas who had gone into the forest ahunting had bad omens. They returned back home and learned everything.

The five brothers rode their five chariots at such a pace that they soon overtook Saindhava's party. A fierce fight ensued between the Pandavas and Saindhava and his forces.

When all hope of victory was lost, Saindhava dropped Droupadi from his chariot and drove off from the battle-field. The Pandavas were aware of his flight only when they had mopped up Saindhava's forces. Bhima and Arjuna got into a chariot, prepared to pursue the culprit. "Whatever you do," Yudhishthira said to them, "do not kill Saindhava."

After driving a couple of miles the two Pandavas came within sight of Saindhava's chariot. They destroyed the chariot and horses of the enemy with their arrows. Deprived of his means of flight, Saindhava took to his legs, but the Pandavas caught him in no time. Bhima gave him very severe blows, and, when he was finally going to kill him, Arjuna intervened and reminded him of what Yudhishthira had said.

Bhima disfigured the hated enemy by cutting off his locks, and said to him, "You wretch, I will let you live on condition that you proclaim wherever you go that you are the slave of the Pandavas." Saindhava readily agreed.

After this dishonour Saindhava went to the Himalayas and undertook severe penance. Lord Shiva was greatly pleased and appeared before him, offering to grant him any boon. "O Lord!" Saindhava begged Shiva, "grant me the power to defeat all the Five Pandavas."

"O Fool," Lord Shiva said, "you can never conquer Arjuna to whom I have given the mightiest of weapons, *Pashupata*. You shall defeat the rest of the Pandavas on only one occasion."



THE HALF-ANNA

IN the city of Patali there once lived near the North gate a very poor man who made his living by carrying water. He fell in love with a woman who lived near the South gate. She too lived by carrying water. They got married.

Living as they did at the two extremities of the city, they could see each other only occasionally. Water-carrying occupied most of their time.

There came a day of celebration. The water-carrier finished his work early and went to see his woman near the South gate.

"Today is a holiday," she said to him. "Everybody is celebrating. Let us do the same. I have a half-anna. How much do you have?"

"I too have a half-anna," the water-carrier replied. "I hid it in a gap between the bricks of a wall near the North gate."

"That is fine!" the woman exclaimed. "We shall buy flowers and perfume with half-anna, and the other half-anna will do for drink. We can celebrate nicely!"

The water carrier was overjoyed at his woman's suggestion. It looked like the finest thing in his life, he and his woman celebrating a holiday. "Wait while I go and get the half-anna which I hid near the North gate."

The water-carrier started running to the North gate. It was almost noon. The sun was beating down very hot and merciless. Underfoot the sand was like burning coals. But, in his great

excitement, the water-carrier did not feel the heat at all. Even while he ran, he skipped, danced and sang like a lark.

The road that led from the South gate to the North gate went past the King's palace, which was in the middle. The King who was standing on the upstairs balcony was surprised to see the water-carrier singing and dancing along the road, not at all mindful of the great heat. He wondered what fortune could have brought him such joy. Intending to discover the secret,

he called his servants and said to them, "Do you see that man who is going with a song on his lips? Bring him to me."

The King's servants approached the water-carrier and said, "Come, the King wants you."

"I've no business with the King," the water-carrier replied. "I don't know him even."

He was about to go on his way, but the King's servants seized him and took him to the King, by force.

"Well, my man," the King asked the water-carrier, "where



do you go in this great heat, unmindful of your head and feet scorching in the sun?"

"Sire," the water-carrier replied. "A desire burns in my breast, which is much hotter than any sun."

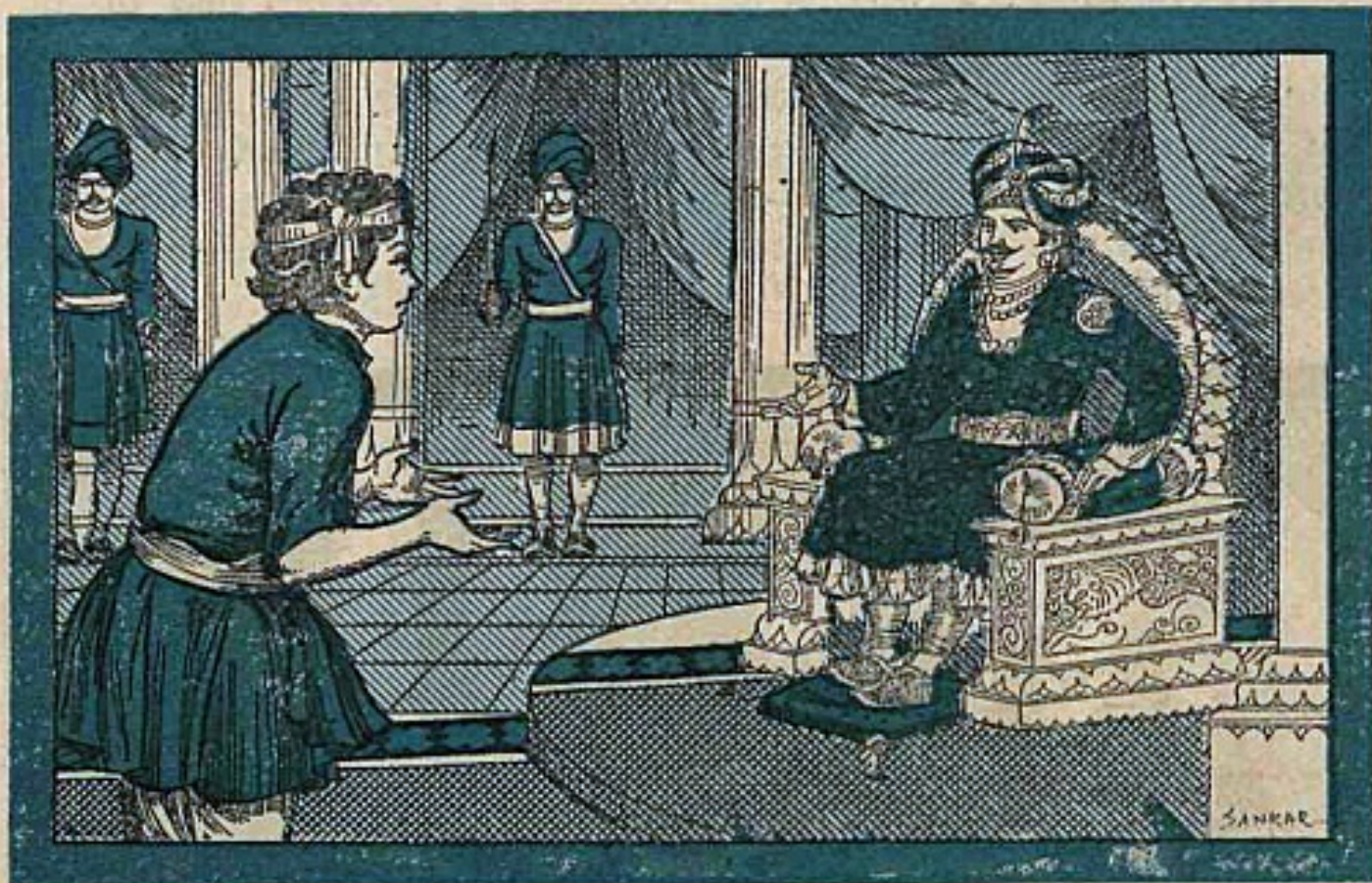
"What is that desire?" the King asked him in wonder.

"Sire," the water-carrier replied. "Today is a holiday. My wife has a half-anna. I too have a half-anna, hidden between the bricks of a wall near the North gate. We have one anna between both of us. With that

we shall buy flowers, perfume and drink, and celebrate the holiday. I am going to get my half-anna. I must take it out of its hiding place and return to the South gate where my woman is waiting. Please detain me not."

The King was amazed at this.

"My man," the King said, "you have already come such a long way, and you have to go as long to get your half-anna. The return trip to the South gate will be exactly double that. To save you all this trouble I shall give you a half-anna. Take it,



go back to your woman, and celebrate the holiday."

"Sire," said the water-carrier, "give me the half-anna. But I shall get my half-anna too."

"I am prepared to give you four annas, if you return back to your woman," said the King.

"Give me the four annas, sire," said the water-carrier. "But let me take my half-anna too."

The King raised his bid. He wanted to make the water-carrier give up his half-anna. The bid rose from a rupee to a lakh of rupees. But the water-carrier still kept begging the King to let him take his half-anna.

In utter disgust the King said, "If you are prepared to forego your half-anna, I will make you King of half the city! Are you agreeable?"

The water-carrier agreed.

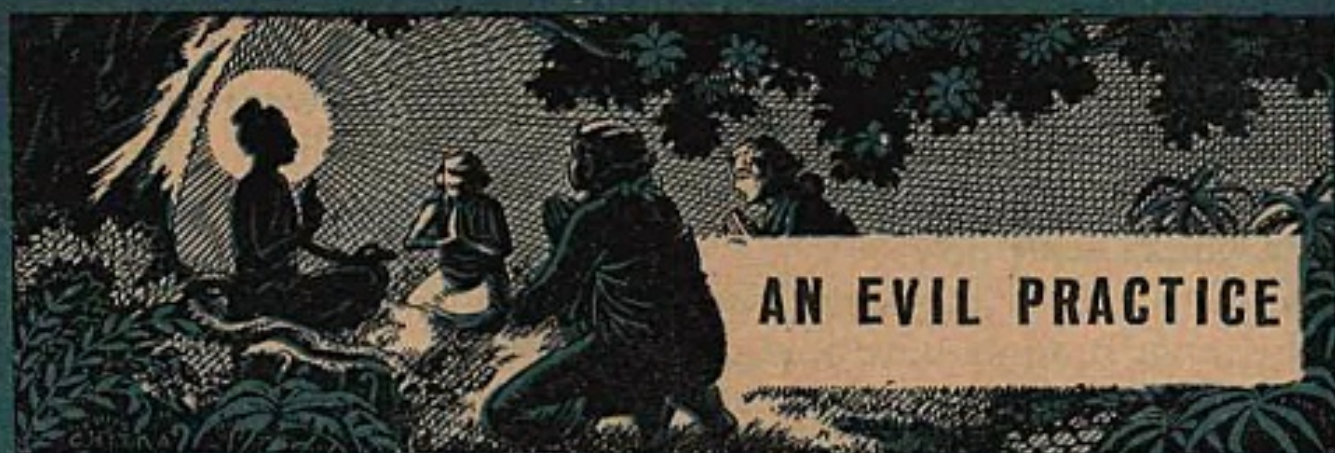
The King at once sent for his Minister and said to him, "Kindly prepare a document making this man King of half the city."

The Minister divided the city into two halves, the Northern and the Southern.

"Tell the Minister which half you would like to have, so that he can prepare the document making you King of that half," the King said to the water-carrier.

"Sire, I choose the Northern half," the water-carrier promptly replied. People said that he had chosen the Northern half of the city for the sake of the half-anna of his which he had hidden near the North gate, and, when he became King of the Northern City, everyone referred to him as the Half-anna King.





WHILE Brahma-dutt ruled Banaras, Bodhisatva was born as his son, and he was named Kumar Brahma-dutt. He went to Taksha-sila and studied all the Vedas and Upanishads. At the age of sixteen he completed his studies, returned back, and was crowned the future King.

At that time the people of Banaras worshipped several gods. Every year there were celebrations in which animals were sacrificed to these gods. Sheep, goats and chickens were killed and their blood was offered to the deities. Such evil practices and superstitions, in which the people of the land were steeped, pained the prince very greatly.

"When I become King," he would say to himself, "I shall

put an end to these barbarous customs without spilling blood."

Beyond the gates of the city there stood a banian tree. People used to believe that a deity dwelt in the tree and granted the wishes of those who came to worship her, that the childless could become parents by regularly visiting the tree and praying to it.

One day the Prince mounted his chariot and went out of the city. As he approached the banian tree, he saw several men and women going round it with devotion. He got down from the chariot at some distance, and walked up to the tree. Then he offered flowers to the tree, and made three perambulations round it. After this he mounted his chariot again and returned back.

Then onwards, he visited the tree very frequently and worshipped it as though he was, a believer in insignificant deities.

Some time later the King died and Kumar Brahma-dutt became the King of Banaras, in his father's place. As soon as the crowning ceremony was over, the new king got his full court assembled, and spoke thus:

"Not one of you knows how I have become King. But most of you might have seen me frequently leave the city and go to the sacred Banian Tree, while I was crown prince. As a matter of fact I prayed to the tree to make me King. I offered to sacrifice a thousand souls to the tree if my wish were to be fulfilled. My wish came true, and the sacrifice must be made!"

The courtiers were immensely pleased to hear this. The ministers said to the King, "Your Highness, the sacrifice shall be made. But what animals did you offer to sacrifice?"

"It was not animals I promised to sacrifice," said the King "but men—a thousand men who indulge in the practice of sacrificing animals to the gods. Look out for such persons and bring them for the sacrifice. Make a proclamation to that effect all over the land."

There was a hush in the whole court. Each one of the courtiers was in the habit of conducting sacrifices, and they could say nothing one way or the other. The proclamation was duly made, and animal sacrifices disappeared as by magic.





16

(Samarsen and his followers reached the City of Ruins, but Vyaghra-dutt and his soldiers also arrived there. Hiding behind a pillar, Samarsen learned from Vyaghra-dutt's talk to his men about the Magic Trident. But at that moment the pillar, behind which Samarsen hid, crashed down, attracting Vyaghra-dutt's attention.)

VYAGHRA-DUTT noticed where Samarsen and his followers hid. But he surmised that the men who were hiding behind the pillars of this ruined building were Siva-dutt and his men. Whoever was hiding there must be caught and made secure. Otherwise, Vyaghra-dutt was in great danger of losing all.

Samarsen too was equally aware of the danger confronting

him. Attacking the enemy with the help of six soldiers was suicide. And the alternative was flight—quickest possible flight.

The soldiers of Vyaghra-dutt rushed towards the building which sheltered Samarsen and his men, shouting in rage. Samarsen exhorted his men, and they all dashed off.

It was a wild chase, Vyaghra-dutt and about a score of his



surviving soldiers running after Samarsen and his six men. The hunted men could never throw off the enemy by mere speed of flight. So they attempted to give the slip to the enemy by entering the ruined houses of the locality, crawling along damaged walls and hiding in corners. In order to frustrate them in these attempts, Vyaghra-dutt divided his men into two groups and ordered them to surround the houses into which Samarsen and his men entered.



Still Samarsen and his men hid wherever they could, and when they came across isolated soldiers, they gave them fight and tried to destroy them. Samarsen thought that escape was possible only if they could reduce the strength of the enemy in such manner. Actually they managed to put to death four or five of Vyaghra-dutt's men without suffering any losses on their own side.

Vyaghra-dutt tried his best to engage Samarsen himself in combat. While guiding and instructing his men in the fight, he was constantly on the look-out for the leader of the other party. And it was not long before Samarsen and Vyaghra-dutt came face to face. With drawn swords they went at each other. Both were very brave men, highly skilled in wielding the sword and they were desperate.

Their fight was extremely fearsome. In their desperate struggle they knocked against tilting walls and pillars, and brought them down with a crash. They had



to step aside nimbly in order to escape getting crushed under the falling ruins, and carry on with the fight.

Soon it was evident that Vyaghra-dutt was tiring. It was evident in his movements. Samarsen wanted to settle the issue with a clever stroke. But it was not to be.

For, in the meantime, the remaining soldiers of Vyaghra-dutt managed to round up Samarsen's men and take them prisoner. This was made easy

by the fact that almost half of Samarsen's men were badly wounded already. Having finished with Samarsen's men, Vyaghra-dutt's soldiers rushed to their leader's help.

Seeing the enemy soldiers at a distance and hearing no more commotion of fighting, Samarsen guessed that his men were taken prisoner. This thought made him much more anxious to finish off his rival as soon as possible. In order to avoid being surrounded by the enemy soldiers,





Samarsen began to engage Vyaghra-dutt, with his back to a wall. But Samarsen, little knew that this wall was no stronger than the others which had fallen at the slightest push. But Vyaghra-dutt guessed it.

Now Vyaghra-dutt's men were quite near. Yelling terrifically, they rushed to the help of their leader.

Samarsen was now more desperate than ever, he lunged out suddenly with his sword at Vyaghra-dutt, and missed him. Then he turned back and seized

the top of the wall in order to jump over to the other side.

This was enough to knock the wall down. With a terrific noise the wall crumbled and fell. Samarsen went down with it and got caught in the stones and rubble. Before Samarsen could extricate himself, Vyaghra-dutt was upon him with a triumphant yell, and his soldiers did the same. They caught him by his hands and feet, preventing him from making any movement. Vyaghra-dutt ordered his men to tie up Samarsen's hands behind his back securely, and deprived him of his sword. He was beside himself with joy because he disabled the enemy.

"I've you in my power again," he said, laughing raucously. "You would not have been in this state if you had chosen to join forces with me when I first got you. Now I happen to know where Sakteya's Trident is hidden, whereas you face death!"

Samarsen was not affected by what Vyaghra-dutt said to him. If he had to face death, well, he



was ready to face it. Death has no horrors for a soldier. What worried Samarsen more was the fact that he could not provide better leadership for his men. Did he fail to give his men the right leadership in the face of danger? This question troubled Samarsen much. Preoccupied with self-searching, he paid no heed to Vyaghra-dutt's words.

But Vyaghra-dutt interpreted Samarsen's silence in an altogether different manner. Samarsen's composure and indifference made him uneasy. He began to suspect that Samarsen was banking on somebody's help, and that that was the reason for his indifference.

"Remember," he warned Samarsen. "No one can save you." He said this in the hope that Samarsen would reveal on whom he was banking.

But Samarsen easily saw through Vyaghra-dutt. He even proceeded to try to confuse Vyaghra-dutt still further and see if he could benefit by it. "You are not the only one,"



Samarsen told Vyaghra-dutt, "who knows where Sakteya's Trident is hidden. Try to keep that in mind. Moreover, it won't help you if you only know where the Magic Trident is hidden."

Samarsen succeeded in baffling Vyaghra-dutt. Of course he knew that Siva-dutt also knew the place where the Trident was hidden. Also, Samarsen must have overheard him while he was talking to his soldiers and explaining that the Trident was hidden in the Forest of the Elephants.



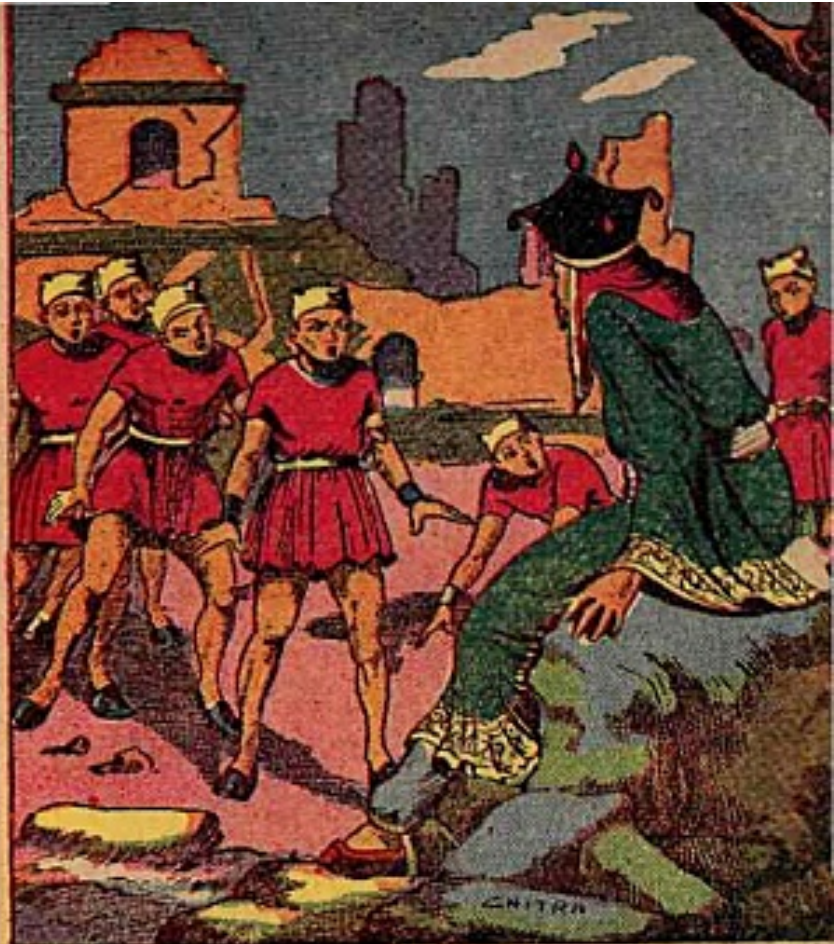


“I am aware,” Vyaghra-dutt said, “that you over-heard me and learned the secret of the Trident. I am also aware that Siva-dutt knows the secret too. But neither of you is in a position to prevent me from getting at it. Then why do you imply that somebody is going to prevent me from laying my hands on this Magic Trident?”

Samarsen’s only reply to this question was a smile. He expected that this smile would aggravate the uneasy feeling in Vyaghra-dutt’s breast, and it did too. He could see Vyaghra-dutt’s face turn slightly more pale.

“There are two persons,” Samarsen said, “who can prevent you from getting at the Magic Trident. You have taken prisoner only one of the two. But there is the other who can destroy you even before you have taken a look at the Trident. He is my friend. It is on his orders that I started for the Vyaghra-land. Do you follow me?”

Vyaghra-dutt was visibly perturbed. Perhaps his victory was



not as complete as he had thought! Perhaps he had more trouble ahead!

“Who is the one that is going to foil my attempts?” he asked Samarsen.

“Four-eyes!” Samarsen replied boldly.

That word was enough to throw not only Vyaghra-dutt, but also his soldiers, off their balance. Struck with fear, the men looked at their leader. Vyaghra-dutt put on a show of courage and nonchalance for the benefit of his men.

“So you know him?” he asked Samarsen, with a laugh.

“I have already told you that I came here at his command!” Samarsen replied coolly.

Vyaghra-dutt was badly shaken. He had heard a lot about Four-eyes and his great powers.

Before Vyaghra-dutt could decide what to do next, there was a commotion in the distance. One of his soldiers came running and informed Vyaghra-dutt that Siva-dutt had arrived with his men at the City of Ruins.

This news was a bolt from the blue. Vyaghra-dutt was left with too few men to engage Siva-dutt in a fight. The other alternative was escape. What to do with Samarsen was another problem. If he was not terrified of the con-

sequences he would have killed him at once. But fear of Four-eyes held his hand. If provoked, Four-eyes could just make the entire Vyaghra-land go up in smoke.

“Samarsen,” he said, turning to his prisoner, “after all that has happened, I still think that it is best for both of us to join forces. We can discuss terms at leisure. But, first, let us go to a safer place.”

Then Vyaghra-dutt and his soldiers began to run away, taking the unarmed Samarsen with them. Some of the soldiers of Vyaghra-dutt were giving Siva-dutt rear-guard fight, and the party who were retreating could hear the noise and tumult of that battle.

(To be continued)





REVENGE WAIVED

VIKRAM stubbornly returned to the tree, took down the corpse, threw it across his shoulders, and began to walk back to the burial-ground. "O King," said the Bethal of the corpse, "Even Bhanu-dutt waived his revenge, but you insist upon carrying out this task. You may change your mind if I tell you his story. Let me try." And he began to narrate the following:

At the foot of the Himalayas there was once a petty state called Mani-manth. Nandi-ketu was its Commander-in-Chief. He was such a mighty warrior that no one had the courage to think of waging war on this state.

Now, Nandi-ketu had a daughter called Pushpa-vati. She was

Stories of Bethal

very handsome, and several princes were eager to marry her. But she was in love with Bhanu-dutt, an accomplished young man of noble birth.

Nandi-ketu, who was hoping to get a crowned head for a son-in-law, was greatly upset when he learned that his daughter loved the son of a mere vassal. He said to the King, "Sire, banish Bhanu-dutt out of our kingdom. I know he is a traitor." To the King his Commander-in-Chief's word was law, and he issued the required order.

Bhanu-dutt was both brave and proud. He decided to kill Nandi-ketu who was responsible for his banishment. In the dead of night he cleverly made his way into the bedchamber of Nandi-ketu. At that moment the image of Pushpa-vati rose before him, and he could not take his revenge and bring sorrow upon her. So Bhanu-dutt retreated the way he had come, and left the kingdom before daybreak for the neighbouring state of Pulinda.

The King of Pulinda was not a powerful man, but his lust for



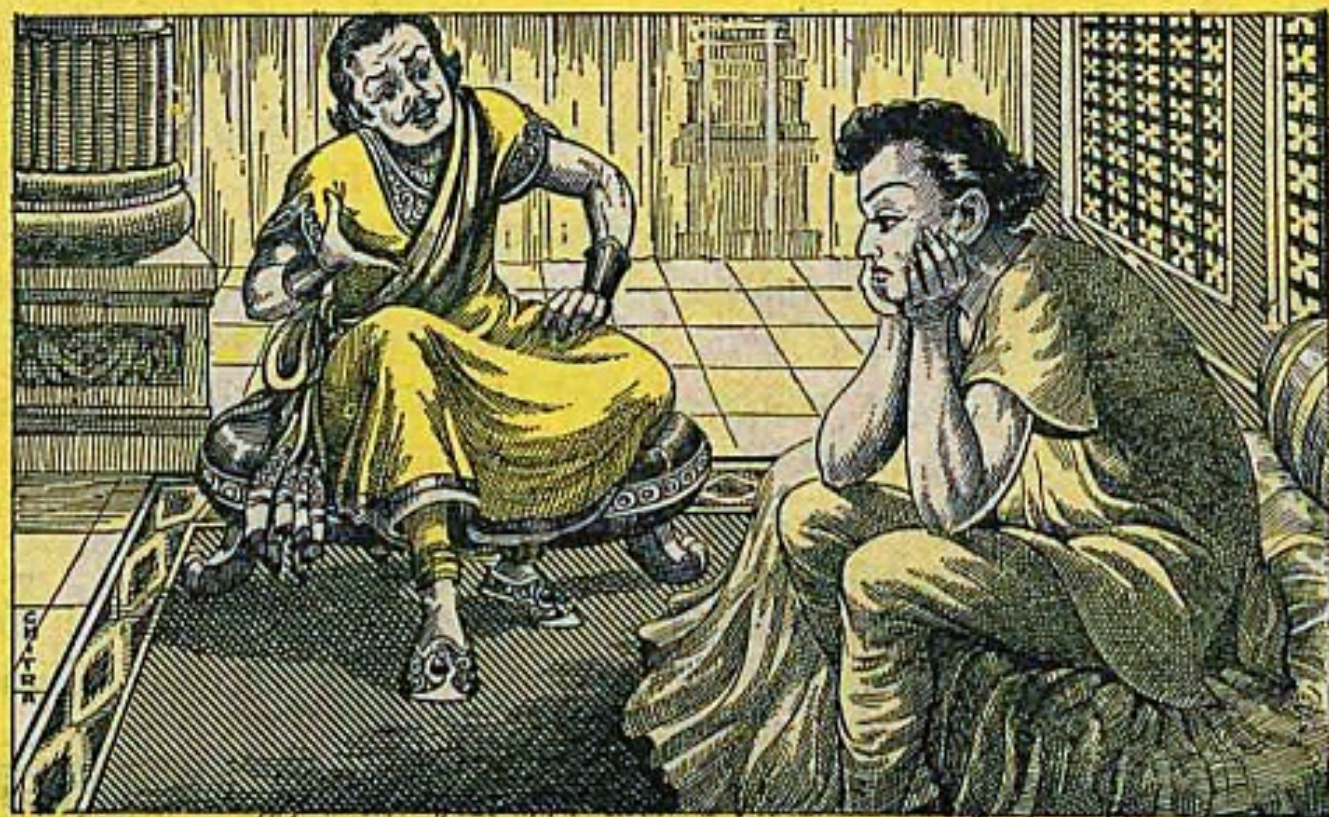
conquest was great indeed. He not only gave asylum to such of those as were driven out of Mani-manth, but he also put them in high positions and maintained them in luxury. He hoped to make use of them one day. He heard that Bhanu-dutt came into his state banished from Mani-manth, gave him a lordly welcome and made excellent arrangements for his happy sojourn.

A couple of years passed. Bhanu-dutt's pride still suffered from the insult of banishment. His love for Pushpa-vati gradu-

ally faded away, but his thirst for revenge was as strong as ever.

The King of Pulinda was fully aware of the fire that burned steadily in the breast of young Bhanu-dutt. One day he said, "My friend, your grief hurts me much. I shall give you all the help you need. Destroy that enemy of yours, Nandi-ketu. Grab the very throne of Mani-manth, if you want! You will not be needing a great army since you know the place."

"It is not the throne I need," Bhanu-dutt replied, grinding his





teeth. "I want just those two—Nandi-ketu and his daughter!"

"So be it," the King of Pulinda said. He sent Bhanu-dutt away and sent for his Commander-in-Chief. When he came, the King told him a plan.

"Give fifty or sixty able-bodied fighters to Bhanu-dutt. Include among them all the refugees from Mani-manth. With this contingent Bhanu-dutt will sneak into Mani-manth and kill Nandi-ketu. His death will demoralise his soldiers, and Bhanu-dutt's accomplices will seize the palace and

the barracks. By that time you take our armies into the city."

The Commander-in-Chief promised to do as he was told.

The next day, about sixty men reported themselves to Bhanu-dutt. "Sir, we were sent to aid you and obey you," they told him. "You can command us!"

Bhanu-dutt was very glad that he now had the chance to destroy Nandi-ketu. He already planned how to make use of these men. Several of them were, like him, exiles from Mani-manth, and they knew every corner of the city.

Taking adequate arms they started on the secret mission. As they marched someone said, "Thank God, we shall be again residents of Mani-manth!"

"How's that?" Bhanu-dutt enquired, turning to the man.

"Nandi-ketu will join his fathers tonight," the other replied. "And tomorrow morning the armies of Pulinda will be occupying Mani-manth. Don't you know the plan?"

Bhanu-dutt was amazed. He had been under the impression

that the King of Pulinda was aiding him in his revenge. He never suspected that the scoundrel was using him as an instrument of conquest.

It was midnight when Bhanu-dutt and his followers arrived at the walls of Mani-manth. Bhanu-dutt asked his men to stand in the shade of the walls, and knocked on the door.

"Who is that?" a query came from the other side of the door.

"It is I, Bhanu-dutt," Bhanu-dutt replied. "Please open the door."

A small door opened. The watchman stepped out and said, "Is that you, master? You are alone? Is it not risky for you to come like this?"

"I have a small affair to attend to," Bhanu-dutt replied. "I shall go away before dawn."

The watchman led Bhanu-dutt inside and as he was about to close the door, Bhanu-dutt fell upon him and overpowered him. Then he gagged his mouth, bound him hand and foot, dragged him to where some bushes



stood and left him there. In the meantime the men who had been waiting outside, entered through the gate.

Bhanu-dutt led them into the yard of a temple. "Hide yourselves here until I finish my job and return," he told them. "I shall be back in an hour." Then he departed.

He went to Nandi-ketu's residence and made his way into the bedchamber. Nandi-ketu was sleeping soundly. "Get up!" he said, prodding Nandi-ketu. "The enemy is at hand!"

Nandi-ketu woke up in confusion. When he saw Bhanu-dutt standing before him, his heart raced in terror. He could not utter a sound.

"You are such a brave man, aren't you?" Bhanu-dutt said sarcastically. "Why do you keep staring like that when danger threatens?"

"Don't kill an unarmed man!" Nandi-ketu said, his voice trembling. "Let me take my sword."

Bhanu-dutt laughed and said, "I am not a skunk like you. You have nothing to fear from

me. Some sixty armed men are hiding in the temple. Send a hundred archers onto the temple walls. Let them train their arrows on the hiding men, call them out of the temple and make them surrender their arms. That is not all. By dawn the armies of Pulinda will be around the fort walls. Let your armies be ready for them on the fortwalls. I have come only to warn you."

Nandi-ketu was now all energy. He sent a hundred archers with Bhanu-dutt. They went to the temple, got upon the walls sur-



rounding the temple yard, and were ready with their arrows drawn, when Bhanu-dutt gave his followers the signal to emerge from the temple. The moment they came out they saw that they were trapped. "Throw down your arms," the men on the walls shouted, and Bhanu-dutt's followers hastily threw down their swords and sabres. Then the archers jumped down from the walls and bound the enemy hand and foot.

Then Bhanu-dutt joined Nandi-ketu and the armies which he had

got ready. They proceeded to the gate through which Bhanu-dutt and his men had come. The watchman was taken out of the bushes and freed. Then the armies went onto the top of the fortwalls.

As already planned, the armies of Pulinda arrived about dawn. But no gates stood open for them. Instead, a rain of arrows welcomed them. Several soldiers fell victim to this volley of arrows, and the rest fled. Nandi-ketu chased the enemy very far and inflicted severe punishment.



As soon as this affair came to a happy conclusion, Nandi-ketu took Bhanu-dutt to the King's Court, where he reported to the King what all had happened. "Sire," he said in conclusion, "we had punished this young man with banishment. I now pray that you should rescind that order and engage him as the Deputy Commander of our armed forces."

Bhanu-dutt not only became the Deputy Commander-in-Chief but also the Commander-in-Chief's son-in-law.

Having narrated this tale, Bethal said, "O King, tell me why Bhanu-dutt who had once sacrificed his revenge for the sake of his love thought of revenge again? When he had the oppor-

tunity to take his revenge why did he drop it altogether? If you know the answer and still do not speak, your head shall split."

"Revenge is far more powerful than love," Vikram replied. "Therefore Bhanu-dutt could soon get over his love, but not his thirst for revenge. It is to wreak vengeance on Nandi-ketu that he took the help of the King of Pulinda and started for Manimanth. But when he learned that his revenge would lead to the fall of his own land into enemy hands, Bhanu-dutt dropped the idea of revenge altogether. For patriotism is stronger than personal pride."

Thus the King's silence was broken, and Bethal returned to the tree with the corpse.





ACT OF FATE

ONCE there was a king called Suresh in the region of the Vindhya mountains. One night the King and his Minister rode out of the capital in disguise. As they passed a cottage they were aware of a woman groaning with the pangs of childbirth. A Brahman stood outside the cottage observing the stars. "O God," he was saying, "let my wife deliver now, this moment!" But the woman inside was still groaning. After a few minutes the Brahman said, "O God, let not my wife deliver now. Let her delay a while."

The King and Minister stopped their horses at a distance and went on observing the queer prayers of the Brahman, who begged now for the delivery, and now for

postponement. This went on until the woman inside at last delivered. The Brahman ceased to pray and made to go inside. Then the King and the Minister rode forth and accosted the Brahman.

"O Brahman," said the King, "Who are you? How is it that you prayed alternately for the delivery and against it?"

"Good sirs," The Brahman replied, "I come from the South. I am an expert astrologer. I wanted my wife to deliver a son who would come up in the world. I have calculated the best time for delivery to the last second and prayed to God that my wife should deliver only at the most auspicious moment so that the baby should have a great future."



“Well,” the King asked, “did your wife deliver at an auspicious moment?”

“Yes, sir!” the Brahman replied. “She has delivered a male child at the most desirable moment. The boy is bound to marry the daughter of the King of the realm in which he is born. He is also destined to rule that realm and annex several of the neighbouring kingdoms too. That is what the stars indicate and I have not the least worry about him.” So saying, he went into the cottage.

In utter amazement the King and the Minister exchanged glances.

“I will not have it!” the King said in anger. “This poor man’s son shall not marry my daughter and succeed me.”

“Sire,” the Minister replied “Your fear is needless. You have no daughter. Do not mind what this mad Brahman said.”

“Can we do anything,” the King asked, “if this same mad Brahman turns out to be correct in the end? No, get me that infant by stealth. I shall do the needful.”

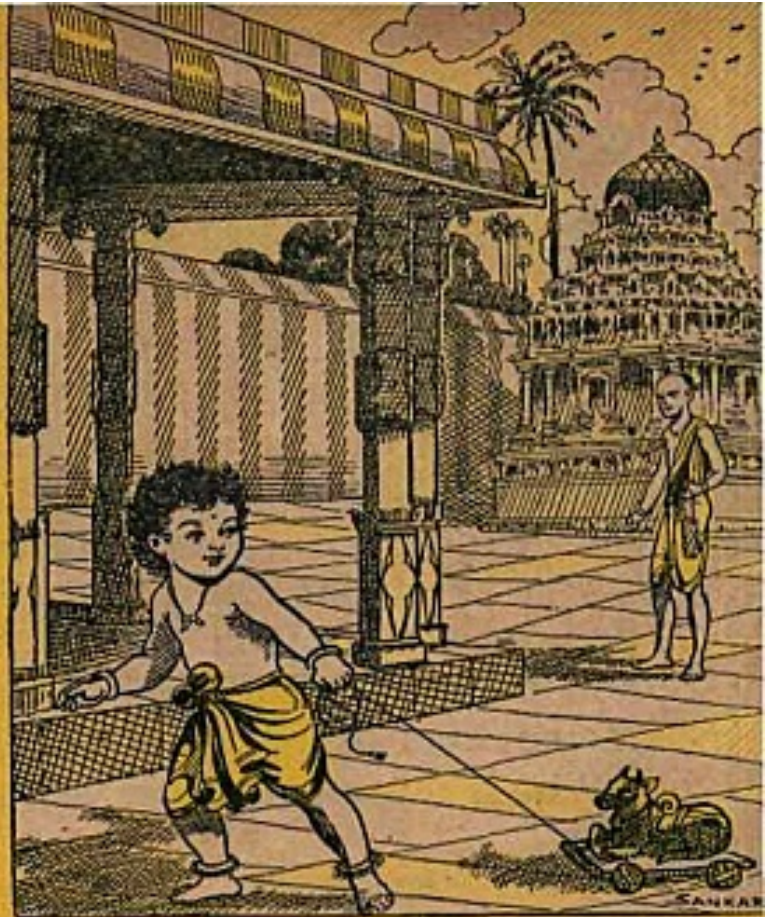
The Minister had no escape. He got down from his horse and stealthily entered the cottage. Two women were attending upon the mother while the new born infant was swathed in clothes and placed on a pial. The Minister snatched up the bundle unnoticed, and returned to the King. They rode for a while, when the king drew his sword, pierced the infant in his stomach, and ordered the Minister to throw it away down the cliff.

The Minister took pity upon the unfortunate and innocent babe. He placed the babe on a foot-path and returned to the King. The two of them rode back to the capital.

At the moment they reached the capital, the *Archaka* of a nearby temple came along the foot-path accompanied by a number of *Pujaris*. They were going to have the morning dip in the river. They saw a bundle of clothes on the ground. When they picked it up they saw the bleeding infant. The *Archaka* took the infant home. He was expert in herbal treatment. He dressed the wound of the babe who was fortunately still alive.

In a few days the wound healed. The *Archaka* was childless, and the foundling became his foster son. He named the boy Deva-dutta, which means the gift of the gods.

Sometime later the King had a daughter by his Queen. The King named her Chandra-vati. He was glad that he had killed the Brahman's son, because, he



thought, if he had not done so, he would have grown up and married his daughter, Chandra-vati, and become King.

But the boy whom the King took to be dead, was growing up in the *Archaka*'s house, gaining strength and beauty day by day. He played in the temple compound all the time.

Fifteen years elapsed. The *Archaka* had to make some petition with regard to the temple properties, and he started for the Palace one day. Deva-dutta insisted upon accompanying his

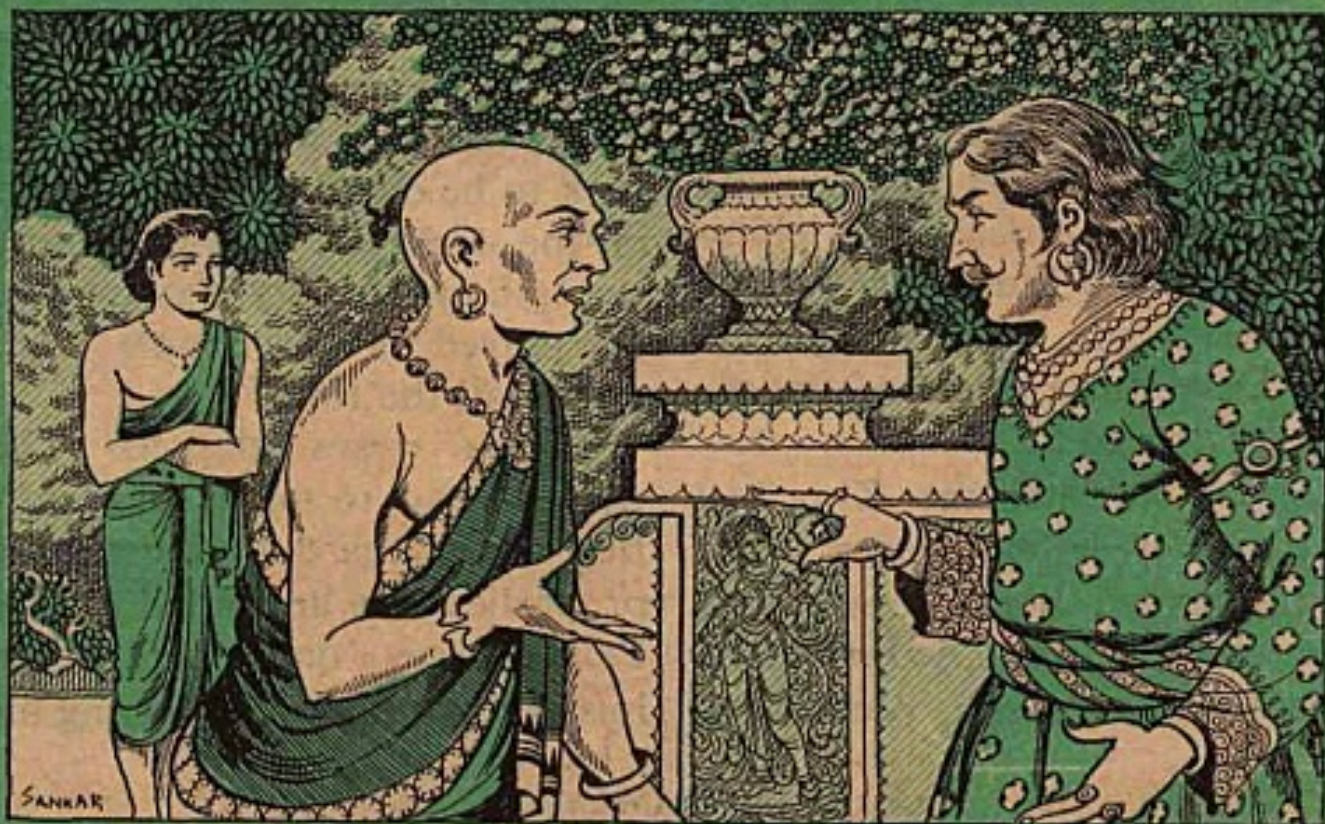
father, for he wished to see the King's palace.

Entering the palace grounds the two of them saw the King walking in the garden. The *Archaka* talked to the King while the boy waited some distance away. The King heard the petition of the *Archaka* and gave him his reply. Then he noticed the boy and asked the *Archaka*, "Who is this nice-looking young man?"

"Sire, he is my son," the *Archaka* replied. "I have adopted him." Then he went on to

describe how he found him as a wounded infant, treated him and brought him up. The King now knew that the infant he thought to be dead was alive and standing before him. There was a scar on his stomach. This, he thought, was good neither to him nor to his daughter. He must be killed again!

"I must say," the King said to the *Archaka*, "that you are simply letting this boy go to waste, keeping him in that temple. Send him to me, and I shall make something of him."



“It is very kind of you to say that,” the *Archaka* replied. “Keep him with you by all means, sir.” Then he bade good-bye to the King and returned home alone.

The King could not decide how to get rid of this Deva-dutta who was like poison to him. When he had made the first attempt to kill this boy the Minister happened to be a witness. This time, however, the King did not want anyone to know that he was going to kill him. And he did not know how to do it.

While the King was worried over this problem, it so happened that he had to make a long journey. He took Deva-dutta along with him. The journey lasted two weeks. On the way several opportunities occurred when the King could push his mortal enemy down a cliff or into a river. But, as ill luck would have it, someone or other happened to be there each time, and he could do nothing.

At last he thought of a new plan. He wrote a letter to his Minister, saying, “The boy who





brings this letter is our deadliest enemy. Kill him secretly and cremate his corpse with the least possible delay." He put his seal to the letter and gave it to Deva-dutta and said. "Son, here is an urgent assignment for you. Return back as fast as you can and give this letter to our Minister. It is very important."

Deva-dutta took the letter, mounted his horse and rode day and night. At last he arrived at the palace one afternoon. The sun was very hot. The Minister who had already had his midday

meal was having his siesta. It was not possible to see him for a few hours. The boy was tired after his long journey. So he entered the garden, lay down in the cool shade of a bower and, at once, fell into a deep sleep.

Shortly afterwards, Princess Chandra-vati entered the garden with two of her maids. They began to play and chase one another. Intending to hide from the others, the Princess ran between the trees and came to the bower. It was a good hiding place and the Princess went in. Then she saw a strange youth sleeping soundly. She thought of waking him and finding out who he was, but he appeared to be dead tired. She saw a letter in his pocket and took it out. She took the liberty of opening the letter because she identified her father's seal.

But when she read the contents of the letter her heart seemed to stop for a while. Why did her father instruct the Minister to kill this nice young man? The boy did not know the contents,

or he would not have carried it so far. She felt both pity and love for this youth.

The Princess went back to her maids. She instructed one of them to keep watch at the entrance while she showed the letter to the other maid after making her swear secrecy. They discussed about the letter for a long time and decided that they should tear it up and substitute another in its place.

Princess Chandra-vati went to her chamber and prepared the following letter :

"The boy who brings this letter is nearest and dearest to us. Marry Princess Chandra-vati to him with utmost speed. The marriage need not wait till I come back."

Then she put the King's seal upon it and went back to the bower. The youth was still sleeping. The Princess put the letter in his pocket and went out. Then the Princess and her maids began to run and shout with such gusto that the youth's sleep was disturbed. He woke up in confu-



sion, saw that the sun was down, went to see the Minister and handed him the letter.

The Minister was thunderstruck when he read it. "Young man," he said to Deva-dutta, "what did the King tell you when he gave you the letter?"

"He told me to deliver the letter to you, sir," the boy replied.

"Do you know what the letter says?" the Minister asked him again. Deva-dutta replied that he did not.

"You can go to the palace and stay there," the Minister

told him. "You will hear from me again."

Then the Minister went to see the Princess and showed her the letter which she herself had fabricated. Chandra-vati read it and pretended surprise. "How is it possible?" she asked. "How can I be married in my father's absence?"

"I am quite helpless, Princess," the Minister said. "I must obey the King."

"In that case," the Princess said, "do your duty. I can hardly prevent you."

In a couple of days preparations for the marriage of the Princess were complete, and the marriage took place amidst all splendour and glory. The absence of the King did nothing to spoil the function.

Having finished his work the King commenced his journey home. On the way he met a batch of Brahmans who had gifts on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess and learned about the marriage. He was greatly surprised. He could not understand why and how the marriage took place. He knew the truth only after coming home.

"Where is my letter?" he asked the Minister.

When the Minister produced it, the King knew that it was the fabrication of none but the Princess herself.

"But sire," the Minister asked, puzzled, "why did you insist upon my performing this marriage in your absence?"

"Ah, my friend," the King replied, "it is all Fate!"





Losing Friends

THE mighty Lion sitting in the shade of the spreading tree saw Damanaka coming towards him and told the guards to let him approach. Then Damanaka came near, bowed to the Monarch respectfully, and boldly seated himself by the side of the king.

Said Pingalaka the Lion :

"How do you do? And what is the news? I do not remember seeing you for a very long time."

Damānaka replied:

"Sire, I do not come to see you because you may not like to have anything to do with those of my class and status. But mark you, even we the insignificant folk should not be neglected by the mighty Ruler. Indeed there can never be an utterly worthless person in this world.

We have been your servants for ages, and ages, for generations after generations. We have been aloof because your Highness had not thought fit to call us near. Think not, my lord, 'Ah, he is a mere jackal!' As the saying goes, silk is born out of silly insects; gold comes out of rugged rock; and the sweet lotus pushes itself out of slush. The moon was born of the salty sea. Fire comes out of a dry stick. The hood of a poisonous reptile conceals the precious stone. And musk comes out of the musk-deer. The great ones shine by their great qualities and not by their birth. Let us not heed the origin of things. Again, we kill the rat that is born in our own compound, but bring a cat



from outside and pet it. Both the servant that is incapable and the enemy that is capable are equally shunned. Shun not me who is both capable and devoted."

"Say no more," Pingalaka said. "Whether you are capable, or incapable, you are the son of our Minister, and that is enough for us. Now tell me what you would like to have of me."

Said Damanaka :

"I do have something to tell your Highness. You must also pardon me because what I have to say can be said only privately."

The other animals of the Court who had been following the above conversation understood their Monarch's wish, and went away, leaving the two alone.

Then Damanaka turned to the Lion and asked him in his sweetest voice "O Sire! Having come forth to quench your thirst in the waters of the Jumna, why did you retreat?"

"I do not see any justification for your question," Pingalaka replied. "We have assembled here for no particular reason."

"Ah, Sire," Damanaka said, "I can see that this affair is one which cannot be discussed with anyone. Indeed, there are things which one may not reveal to one's own wife. Many things should be kept secret from our nearest ones. There will be a thing or two which one's own friends and sons even should not be told of. And one should ponder well while conversing whether a thing can be said out or not. So I will not ask for that which should be kept secret"

“This fellow is wise and clever,” the Lion said to himself. Then he proceeded to tell Damanaka what happened, faltering in his speech and stumbling over his own words.

“Haven’t you heard,” the Lion asked Damanaka, “the mighty roar that shook the very hills?”

“Of course, I heard it,” Damanaka replied. “But what of it?”

“Well,” the Lion continued, “ever since I heard that roar I have been telling myself that I shall leave this forest. For a terrible creature has made these parts his abode. I can judge its strength and its might from that fearsome roar. It is not safe for me to remain here any longer.”

“Why this haste, Sire?” Damanaka asked the Lion. “Why should a mere sound upset you like this? Have you not heard of the coward who bluffs first and then bows low? What of noises? If you do not consider me fool-hardy, I want to tell you that you should not leave this forest over which you have ruled over the generations, and go to



a far-off place. One should never yield to fear at the sight of a fearsome enemy. The wise person does not lose heart in distress, does not become proud with money, and does not lose his nerve in the battle-field. One who does not become bolder by seeing the boldness of his enemy, is like a jewel of paste which melts at the approach of fire. This brings a story to my mind, Your Highness.”

“What is that story, my dear fellow?” asked the Lion. “Let me hear it.”

An illustration of a ship's mast and rigging. A person is perched in a crow's nest high up on the mast, pointing towards the right. The mast is supported by a complex system of ropes and pulleys. The background shows a turbulent sea with large waves and a cloudy sky.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR

MY father was a great merchant. He gave well to the deserving poor. When he died he left me a considerable fortune consisting of money, lands and villages. I got them into my possession when I came of age. I gathered round me several young men of my own age and indulged in eating, drinking and other luxuries, spending my wealth indiscriminately. I led this princely life as though my money would never be spent away. But one day I found that I was quite mistaken. For most of my wealth was gone; and the dread of living to be a poor old man began to haunt me. My father used to say, "A living dog is better than a dead lion, and death is better than poverty." I now recollected these words.

So I collected what little I still possessed and converted it into cash. It came to three thousand dirhams. With this money I determined to travel. You

FIRST VOYAGE

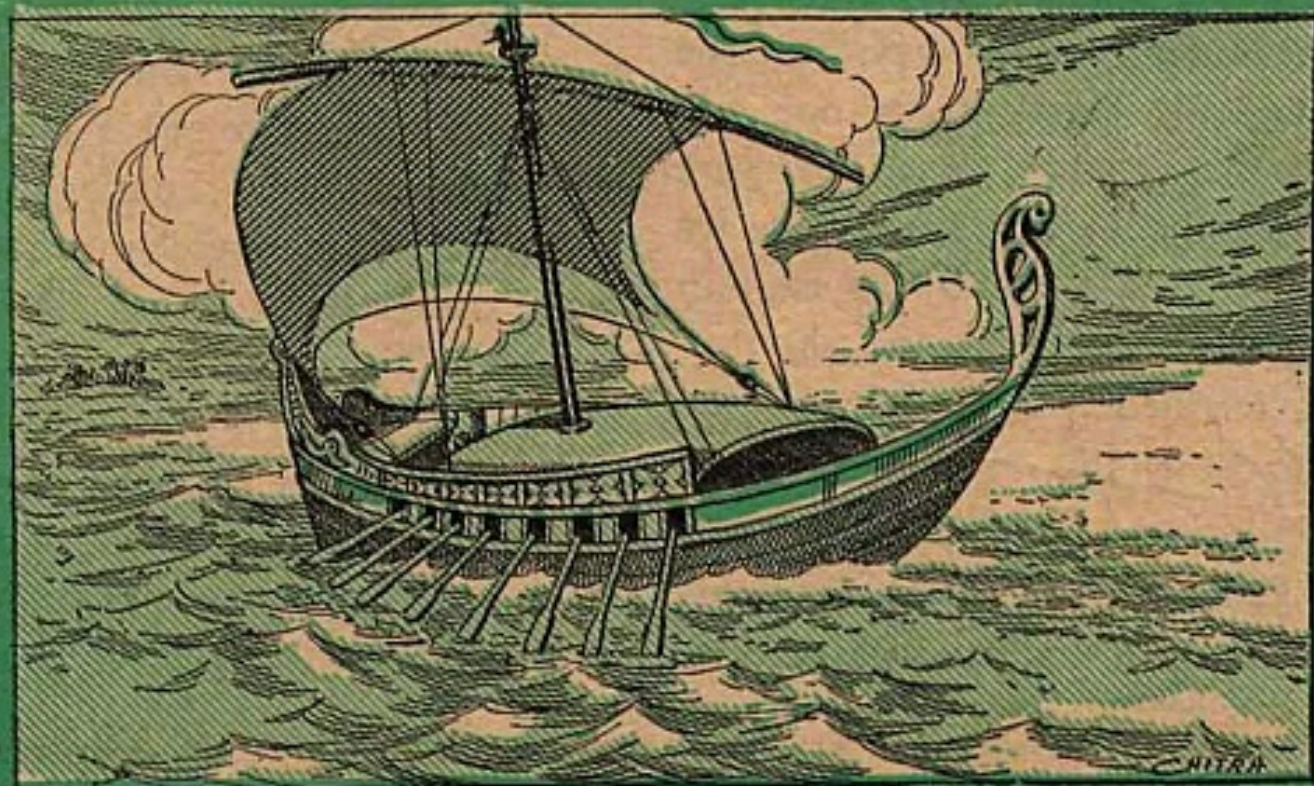
CHITRA

know the proverb, "the deeper you dive, the better the pearls." I took my money to the market and bought merchandise, which I took on board a merchant ship. There were several other merchants in that ship, and the ship was sailing from Baghdad down the river to Basrah.

Leaving Basrah we sailed across the sea. On the way we touched several islands and ports. Wherever we stopped we sold or bartered our goods. Our trade was good.

After sailing for several weeks on the sea without seeing land we, one day, saw a very beautiful isle. It was green like an emerald and caught the eye. The captain steered the ship to the coast of this isle and cast the anchor. Then the rope-ladder was lowered and all of us went ashore.

We all had food and cooking utensils. Some lit fires and started cooking, some washed their clothes, while some others walked about. I ate my food and went





wandering, observing the strange vegetation.

While we were all thus occupied in our various ways, the isle suddenly shook from one end to the other, and we were violently thrown down. As we lay dazed we saw the captain appear on the ship and shout in a terrified voice, waving his hands wildly, "Danger! Save yourselves! That is no isle but a gigantic whale! She was floating so long that sand covered its

back and trees grew on it! You have lit fires and irritated her! Come away, or she will sink with you!"

Hearing this the merchants abandoned their clothes, cooking utensils and other things, and ran to the ship. The anchor was already lifted and the ship was moving off. Some managed to reach the ship, but the others could not. In the meantime the whale sank into the water, and those who failed to catch the ship were left to the mercy of the sea.

I was one of those who failed to catch the ship. But, by a stroke of luck, I found a large tub made of wood floating towards me. Some merchants had been using it to wash their clothes. This tub saved me from drowning. With a tremendous effort born of the supreme urge to be alive I struggled hard and, in the end, managed to sit astride the tub. Once I got into a con-



venient position I began to use
my legs as oars and began to
m



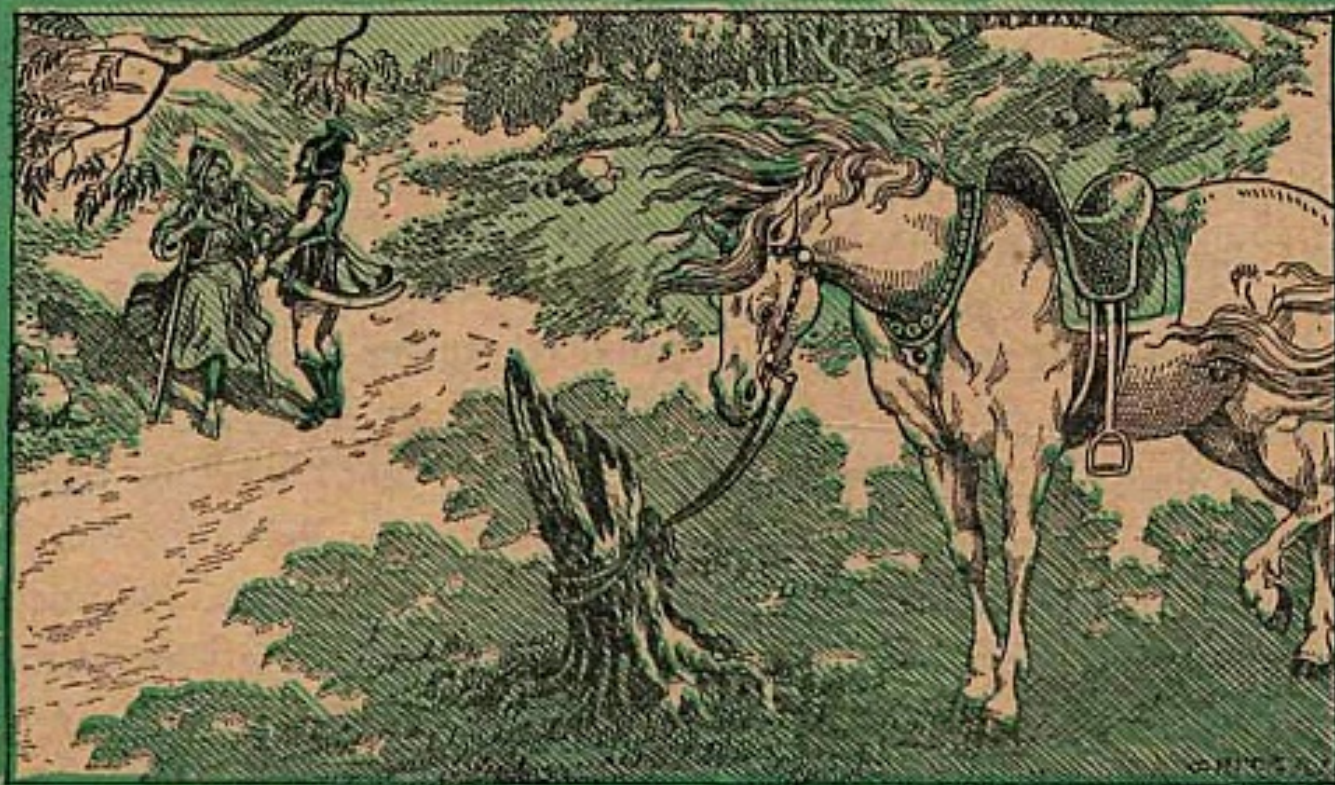
were fruit trees and streams of sweet water.

Living upon the fruit and water I rested there for several days and regained my strength. The pains that rocked my body abated gradually. I prepared a pair of crutches with the aid of which I could move about among the trees. I spent my time eating fruit, musing and marvelling at the power of Allah.

One day, while walking along the shore, I saw a thing in the distance which looked like an

animal. With good deal of interest I approached and found it to be a tethered horse. This horse appeared to be quite different. It was of a marvellous breed. I had a strong desire to mount it, but as I approached it I saw a man who seemed to rise out of the earth. He ran to me crying, "Who are you? Where are you from? How could you dare come here?"

"Master," I replied, "I got cast in the sea along with some others while voyaging. Allah



saved my life and brought me to your country."

"Come with me," the man said, taking my hand. He led me into an underground cave. There was a spacious hall in this cave. The man offered me a place of honour and gave me food. When I was satiated he asked for my story. I told it to him and he was filled with wonder.

"I have told you my story," I said. "May I know yours?"

"There are many of us," he told me, "all over this island.

Our duty is to obtain horses for King Mirjan. On the night of the new moon horses of a high breed emerge out of the sea to graze on the land, and we catch them. I shall take you to King Mirjan. It was very lucky that I saw you, because you would have died for want of company in this desert place."

At this moment the other horse-catchers came there. I was placed upon a horse and we all went to King Mirjan's palace. The others went to see the King





My duties permitted me enough leisure to see the King every day. He placed me higher than any of his other friends and loaded me with daily gifts. Gradually I came so close to him that he would not make a single decision without telling me.

Though my life was so comfortable in every respect I never ceased to think of my own country, nor did I lose hope of going back there someday. "Do you know the route to Baghdad?" I asked many a sea-captain. But, to my disappointment, not one knew. Several of them had not even heard of the place. So, as time passed, my anxiety to return home increased and I began to lose hope.

One day, in the course of my duty, I stood by the shore watching for ships, when a huge ship arrived. The anchor was cast and the ladder lowered. I went on the ship, interviewed the captain and examined the cargo.

and acquaint him about me. Then I was introduced to him. He gave me a warm welcome and desired to hear my story out of my own mouth. So I told him my story.

"You are destined to live long, my son!" King Mirjan said at the end. "That was why you could come out of such perils alive." He made me one of his confidants and appointed me inspector of ports and registrar of shipping.

I took an inventory as the sailors unloaded the merchandise. "Have you nothing more aboard?" I asked the captain, at the end. "I have, master," he replied. "But it is not for sale. The owner of that cargo got drowned in the sea. As soon as the opportunity occurs I shall hand over the cargo to his relations at Baghdad."

"O Captain," I asked, my heart beating fast, "What was the name of that man?" "Sindbad the Sailor," he replied.

I examined his face more carefully, and found that he was the very man who took the ship away while so many of us were left to drown in the sea.

"I am Sindbad the Sailor," I shouted in my excitement, and proceeded to tell him what all I had gone through after the ship left me. But the captain would not believe me. "What a cheat! What an impostor!" he exclaimed. "We all saw Sindbad



go down in the sea, and you claim that you are Sindbad! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Listen, Captain!" I said. "I am not a cheat and lying is not my business." When I gave him such details about the disaster that he and I alone knew, he was convinced at last. He was so glad to see me alive. He called the other merchants in the ship, told them my tale and introduced me to them. They marvelled

at my survival and praised the power of Allah.

The Captain delivered all my merchandise to me. I checked up my seal on each bale, set aside certain rich pieces as gifts for King Mirjan, and sold the rest in the market at hundred times its original price.

The King was very happy when he learned everything. He loved me very dearly, so he bestowed upon me innumerable gifts. These too I sold in the market and got cash. Then I made preparations for the voyage and went to the King to bid him goodbye. I thanked him for the kindness which he had shown to me, but he was very sad that I was going away. As a parting

gift he gave me a variety of perfumes, sandalwood, camphor and incense which were abundant on that island. I took them with me to the ship.

By the grace of Allah we had very favourable winds. After many days on the sea our ship reached Basrah and then proceeded to Baghdad. I found all my family in good health. With the immense wealth which I brought back I bought several houses, lands, slaves and other properties worth more than those I had inherited on my father's death. Then I settled down to a life of joy and pleasure in which I gradually forgot the hardships of my first voyage.

(Next month: Second Voyage)



THE NAWAB OF DECCAN

THERE was once a Nawab of the Deccan. He was a very queer man. One day a famous musician came to sing in his court. The Nawab called his Minister and said to him "This man is a Hindoo. In order to do him honour we must put a garland of flowers round his tuft of hair. Please do so."

"But your Majesty, the Minister said, "this man has no tuft, he is quite bald."

"Ah," said the Nawab, "drive a long nail into the back of his head and wind the flowers round it."

The musician who heard this got so frightened that he got up and ran out of the court. The Nawab never heard of him again.

On another occasion the Nawab went into the forest ahunting. They set up camp for the night in a suitable place. As soon as it was dark the Nawab heard howls all round.

"What is that noise?" he asked the Minister.

"That is the jackals, your Highness," said the Minister.

"Why do they howl like that?" asked the Nawab.

"They want to complain to your Highness that they are suffering from the cold weather," the Minister answered.

"Poor things!" said the Nawab. "As soon as we get back remind me to sanction some money so that these jackals can be provided with warm clothing."

Later the Nawab sanctioned the money and the Minister pocketed it!

THE THREE DEAF MEN

ONE day a shepherd came with his flock to a glade, where he found that one of his sheep was missing. He wanted to go in search of it, but someone had to look after the flock in his absence. He looked round and fortunately found a Brahman in the branches of a banian tree. The shepherd went under the tree and shouted to the Brahman, "Sir, look after my sheep till I come back, and I shall give you the lame lamb." Then he went in search of the missing sheep.

Now, the Brahman who was on the tree was deaf. He never heard a word of what the shepherd said. He was busy plucking banian leaves. He went on with his work till he had enough to carry, and then he climbed down the tree. Just at this moment the shepherd returned with his missing sheep. He was very glad that none of his sheep was missing, thanks to the Brahman. So he picked up the lame lamb and offered it to the Brahman.

The Brahman recoiled at the sight of the lamb. "I was up the tree. I know nothing about the lamb," he protested.

The shepherd, who too was deaf, thought that the Brahman was demanding a better lamb. "It is the lame lamb I offered, not a good one!" he protested.

"I didn't lame it. I was up the tree all the time!" said the Brahmin.

They went to the village officer, quarrelling and not understanding each other. The village officer too was deaf. He had a violent quarrel with his wife and was in a grim mood. To him both the deaf men presented their case.

"It is very kind of you, gentlemen," said the deaf officer, "to try to patch up our quarrel. But I shall never talk to that woman again! Never!"

FOSSILS

A creature called TRILOBITE lived on earth some 500 million years ago. But how do we know it? There were several other species of animals and plants which existed and became extinct long before MAN appeared on earth. We should have some evidence of their existence, isn't it? Suppose your great—great—grandfather died long before you were born. If you have his photo you can know how he used to look.

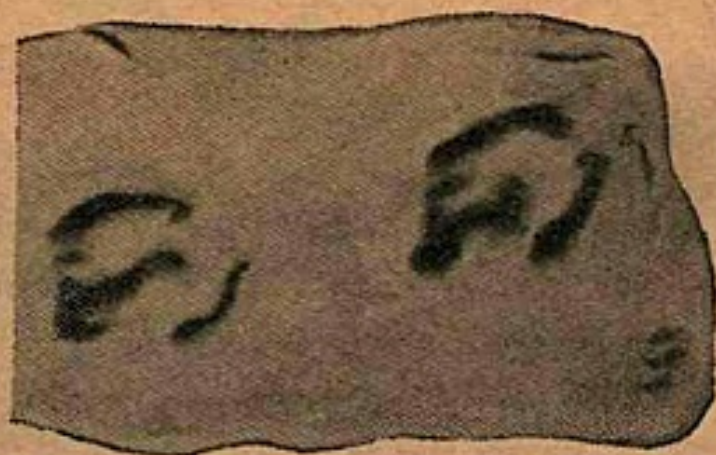
Well, we know about the ancient animals much the same way. Yes, we find photographs of those animals in rocks! Of course we don't call them photos—we call them FOSSILS.

But how did these ancient animals leave their "images" in the rocks? To answer that question you must know that those rocks came into existence after those animals died. Not all the rocks we see have been on earth since the earth cooled down. New types of rock have been forming out of the old rock. Rains subject the hills to "erosion." Rocky material is washed down with the rivers and taken to the sea, where it settles down. There it is subjected to great pressure from above and heat from below—and becomes a new type of rock, the SEDIMENTARY rock. In these rocks we find FOSSILS.

We can not only find the FOSSILS of ancient animals in rocks, but we can also "date" the rocks. Some rocks are more old than some others.



Fossils: Trilobites;



Footprints of Dinosaur

INSECTS

IN the world today there are 600,000 kinds of insects. The distinguishing characters of insects are: their bodies are divided into three parts; they have six legs; and they have two feelers in their head. These feelers are called "antennae."

Ants, flies, mosquitoes, moths, butterflies, fireflies, crickets, grasshoppers, locusts, dragonflies, bees, mud daubers, roaches, white ants, lice, bugs, beetles and other insects are familiar to us.

There is practically no region of earth where insects cannot live. Some of the insects do a lot of good to us. We get silk from silkworms and honey from the honey-bees which make it out of the sweet juice of flowers. Both silk and honey are industries which depend on insects.

Some insects have no wings, some others have one pair of wings. There are multi-winged insects too. Some of them undergo peculiar changes as they grow. The mud dauber starts life as a carnivore but when grown up it becomes vegetarian. The grown up creature supplies spiders as food for its young and then goes out to feed on the honey of flowers! Spiders are insects too. Insects not only eat insects of other kinds, but they eat their own kind sometimes. It is not unusual for a female praying mantis to eat its male.



Bumblebee

Grasshopper

Firefly

Mud dauber

PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

DECEMBER 1956

::

AWARD Rs. 10/-



- ★ Choose apt and significant captions for the above pair of photos. The captions should go in a pair, either words, phrases or short sentences.

- ★ The captions should reach us before 5th of October '56.

The pair of captions considered best will be awarded Rs. 10/-

- ★ Please write legibly or type the captions on a postcard and address it to: "Chandamama Photo Caption Competition," Madras-26.

RESULTS FOR OCTOBER

- Photo*: With the sweat of his brow
- Photo*: He steals the Show

Contributed by :

K. Srikantiah, Rly. Asst. Engineer, Olavakkot—(Malabar)

AWARD Rs. 10



Prof: P. C. SORCAR

THE act of passing a playing card through the crown of a hat is a nice item, which I have done with success since my early days. In this, one card, say the Jack of Spades, is put inside a top-hat and pushed upward by degrees in full view of all till the entire card comes out. The hat should be passed out for inspection to show that there is no hole in the top of the hat.

In this item we need one top-hat or the opera hat, the type they use in Europe for the evening, because its top is flat and smooth. The colour of the hat should be black.

The magician takes the Jack of Spades and cuts the same into four equal parts A. B. C. D. with a sharp pen knife from the front face of the card. Next he keeps this card on the table and pastes a piece of silk or black velvet, the same material as the top of the opera hat. Then the four sides of this fake card are carefully trimmed when perfectly dry. Then the edges of this card are coloured black, so that the card cannot be noticed when it is kept face down on the top of the hat. The accompanying diagram will make it clear to the readers.

The fake Jack of Spades is kept on the top hat face down from the beginning. Next a card pack is brought forward and a genuine Jack of Spades taken out. It is then taken inside the hat, where it is hidden inside the sleeves, under the cover of

the bottom (inside of the hat) the magician picks up portions A. B. C. D. of the fake card as shown in the diagram. When correctly done the audience will be sure that they have actually seen the card coming as the perfect illusion of coming up by degrees



the hat. Next the magician poses as if the card is being pushed upward by degrees. This is very much necessary. (It may be noted that showmanship and presentation are the two vital things necessary for a successful magician). Now with every push from

will be created. When the entire card comes out, the magician shows it and throws it face up on the table. He then quickly starts his next magic, without giving the audience any chance of scrutinising it.

THE BACK COVER

KING FOR A DAY - 8

ABU sat up as soon as Ganna closed the outer door. They were very happy that their plan worked. "Our work is only half-done," Abu said. "Now you die, while I go and get the money."

Ganna lay down with her legs pointing to Mecca, and Abu covered her in a shroud. Then he undid part of his turban, applied onion to his

eyes, tore his clothes, and went to the Khalifa.

The Khalifa, Jafar, Masrur and the rest looked at him in surprise, and asked him what had happened. "Ganna! O Ganna!" Abu wailed, beating his breast. "Why did you leave me? How can I live?"

Even the Khalifa dropped a tear, thinking of the disaster that befell the newly wedded.

"Do not weep, brother," the Khalifa said, consoling Abu. "May Allah grant you the years that He has taken from her! I thought both of you would be so happy, but it turned out otherwise!"

Then he sent for his treasurer and told him to give Abu ten-thousand gold dinars for expenses. Abu had one more cry, and then he returned home with the money. For a long time the couple gloated over the gold.

And then Abu said, "It had been easy enough so far. But trouble is ahead. When they know the truth we are likely to pay for it. So we must be very careful."



That day, the Khalifa wound up his court earlier than usual, and went to see Queen Zubeda in order to condole with her on the loss of her favourite maid. Even as he entered Zubeda's chamber he saw everyone immersed in gloom, wiping their eyes.

"I came to know of your loss," he said to Zubeda. "Who thought that such a calamity would visit Ganna. This must be a great blow to you."

"Ah, but your grief cannot be any less," Zubeda said, "seeing that you were so very fond of Abu's company. How, indeed, will you get on without him?"

"May Allah preserve him!" said the Khalifa, "He is well! It is you who should grieve the death of Ganna!"

"What?" Zubeda cried. "Ganna dead? Stop joking. It is Abu that is dead!"

"You really make me laugh!" the Khalifa retorted. "Somebody has brought you the news all wrong! It is Ganna that died, not Abu!"

"It is you that got it all wrong!" Zubeda rejoined. "Abu is dead!"

Instead of feeling sorry for the dead, the royal couple began to fight like a pair of cocks. "What will you bet?" the Khalifa asked at last.

"What will you?" Zubeda asked in return.

"Go at once to Abu's house," the Khalifa said, turning to Masrur. "Come back and tell us who is dead and who is wailing!"

(To be concluded)





NEWS ITEMS

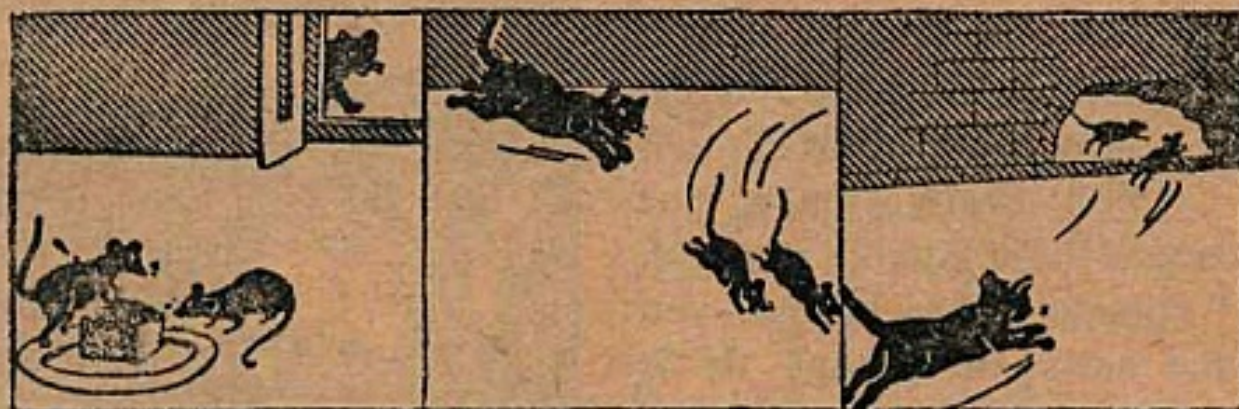
On August 3, birthday celebrations of the eminent Hindi writer, Premchand (1880-1936) were held at Delhi. Among those who paid him tribute were President Rajendra Prasad, Shri Govind Ballabh Pant, Union Home Minister, and Shri Haribhau Upadhyaya, Chief Minister of Ajmer. Premchand was the author of about a dozen novels and over 300 short stories.

* * *

President Prasad arrived in Madras on August 11, to spend a week there. That evening he addressed a prayer-meeting at Gandhi Mandap, Guindy. On Independence day he was present at the impressive Ceremonial Parade on the Island ground where he took the salute at the march-past. He opened the first Parishramalaya of the Madras Government in Tirumangalam.

* * *

About 40 houses and a Jain temple developed cracks due to some unknown cause which was accompanied by rumbling sounds which were heard for several days in the village Ramsin and the adjoining areas in the Jodhpur division.



On August 4, the first Indian atomic reactor—the first in Asia, too—went into operation and produced atomic energy through self-sustaining chain reaction. Dr. H. J. Bhabha, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, and his colleagues worked continuously for 24 hours before the atomic reactor began to function. Prime Minister Nehru sent them a message of congratulations.

* * *

On August 21, three men reached Falmouth, having crossed the Atlantic on a raft after a voyage of 87 days. They had drifted with the Gulf Stream across the Atlantic. In 1947, six men had drifted across the Pacific in a similar manner.

* * *

The Georgian Ministry of Public Health (U.S.S.R.) is investigating longevity in the Republic. More than 10,000 people 90-100 years old and older have been registered. An album of very old people with their photographs and information about them has been prepared. The oldest man in this album, Yegor Koroyev was born in 1801! A documentary film on longevity is also in preparation.

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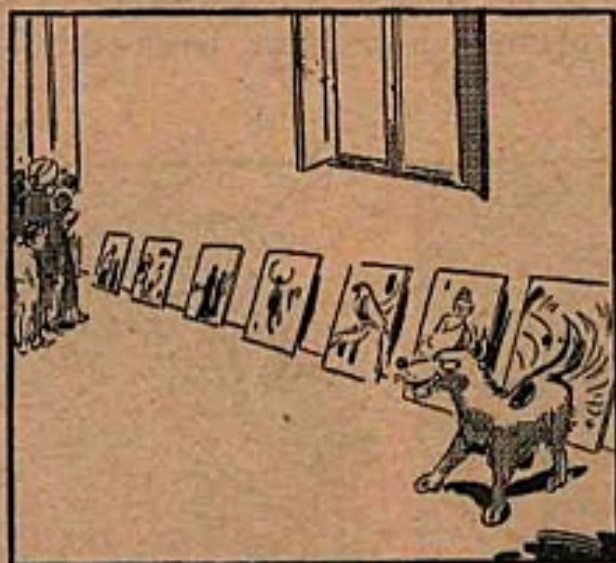
On the night of September 1, a train disaster occurred near Mahabubnagar on the Central Railway due to the collapse of a bridge, as a result of which 121 persons lost their lives and 34 injured, some of them seriously.



Picture Story



ONE day the teacher announced in the class that there was going to be an art exhibition with prizes. Dass and Vass took a lot of pains and painted a portrait of "Tiger". They placed it against the wall to dry. "Tiger" was so pleased with the portrait that he pawed it, smearing the wet colours badly. "I call that a very good picture of a Lion!" said the teacher when he saw the smeared picture. To their own amazement Dass and Vass got the award.





Winning
Caption

HE STEALS THE SHOW

Contributed by
K. S. Kantiah, Olavakkot.

